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ACTS of VENGEANCE!™

QUASAR™

THE ABSORBING MAN GOES COSMIC!

RYAN/BULANDI

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

QUASAR

THE ABSORPTION PRINCIPLE

EIGHT HOURS AGO, A HORDE OF **ROBOTS** ATTACKED THE FLOATING **HEADQUARTERS COMPLEX** OF THE MIGHTY **AVENGERS** AND MANAGED TO SINK IT...*

SINCE THEN, THE AVENGERS' NEWEST RECRUIT, THE COSMIC CRUSADER CALLED **QUASAR**, AND THE AVENGERS' RESIDENT OCEANOGRAPHER, THE SOMETIME SUPER HERO, **STINGRAY**, HAVE BEEN HARD AT WORK SALVAGING WHAT THEY CAN...

STING AND I'VE BEEN AT THIS ***ALL NIGHT*** AND WE'VE STILL BARELY HAULED UP A ***TENTH*** OF THE HARDWARE THE AVENGERS ACCUMULATED IN THEIR SHORT STINT ON THIS "***ISLAND***"

YOU ASK ME, ***NONE*** OF THIS STUFF WILL EVER ***WORK*** AGAIN AFTER TOTAL IMMERSION IN THIS ***MURK!***

*DON'T TELL US YOU MISSED AVENGERS #311!

MARK GRUENWALD STORY • PAUL RYAN PENCILS • DANNY BULANADI INKS • JANICE CHIANG LETTERS • PAUL BECTON COLORS • HOWARD MACKIE EDITOR • TOM DeFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

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AND THERE'S THE *GARBAGE SCOW* O'BRIEN* CONTRACTED FOR THIS LITTLE OPERATION.

GOOD THING, TOO. ONE MORE LOAD AND I'LL BET THE BARGE I'D MADE WITH MY *QUANTUM-BANDS* WOULD'VE *SUNK!*

*THE AVENGERS' SECURITY CHIEF.

HERE'S THE LATEST *LOAD*, MICHAEL. MARK IT FROM THE COMMUNICATIONS FACILITY.

SPEAKING OF COMMUNICATIONS, HAS *CAP* GOTTEN HOLD OF ANY *OTHER* AVENGERS YET? WE REALLY COULD USE A *HAND* DOWN THERE.

SUPPOSEDLY THERE'RE SOME ON THE WAY. *RESERVISTS*, NOT REGULARS.

HMM. SO WHAT'S CAP MADE OF THE *ATTACK*? I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO *SPEAK* TO HIM YET.

I THINK HE'S BLAMING *'IMSELF* FER NOT BEING 'ERE WHEN IT ALL HAPPENED.

BETTER GET *BACK* TO IT. IT'S ALMOST *MORNING* AND I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SPLIT FOR *WORK* SOON.

THERE'S *STINGRAY*. LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO CHECK OUT THE *MANSION* AGAIN.

I COULD PROBABLY TOW THE WHOLE DARN MANSION BACK UP TO THE *SURFACE*... BUT THEN WHERE WOULD I *PUT* IT?

CERTAINLY IT'D BE TOO HEAVY FOR THE *SCOW*... AND I CAN'T VERY WELL HAUL IT ALL OVER TOWN LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO *PARK IT*.

A SHAME. SO MUCH HISTORY MUST'VE GONE ON BETWEEN THESE WALLS.

AND AFTER A ROOM BY ROOM, FLOOR BY FLOOR SEARCH OF THE PREMISES...

LOOKS LIKE STING WANTS TO CALL IT A NIGHT.

FINE BY ME. WE HAVEN'T GOTTEN IT ALL BY A LONG SHOT, BUT AT LEAST ALL THE KEEPSAKES AND TOP-PRIORITY ITEMS HAVE BEEN FISHED OUT.

THOSE ENERGY-BRACELETS OF YOURS CERTAINLY ARE INCREDIBLE TOOLS, QUASAR. IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN DAYS TO ACCOMPLISH WHAT YOU DID IN A FEW HOURS.

I ONLY WISH I COULD HAVE DONE MORE, DR. NEWELL. LIKE MAYBE PREVENT ALL THIS.

DON'T WE ALL.

SURE FEELS LIKE I JOINED UP JUST IN TIME TO WITNESS THE PASSING OF AN ERA.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.

I WAS THE CARETAKER OF HYDROBASE BACK WHEN IT WAS JUST A GOVERNMENT OCEANOGRAPHIC RESEARCH FACILITY. NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE IT COME TO THIS.

WELL, I'VE GOT TO BE OFF. HAVE CAP CONTACT ME IF HE NEEDS ME.

WILL DO, SON!

I REALLY FEEL BAD FLYING OFF WITH SO MUCH LEFT TO DO.

BUT I HAVE *OTHER* RESPONSIBILITIES TO CONSIDER...

... BOTH AS EARTH'S RESIDENT *EXTRATERRESTRIAL INVESTIGATOR* AND AS HEAD OF MY OWN FLEDGLING *SECURITY CONSULTANT AGENCY*.

HOWEVER, I'M REALLY NOT GOING TO BE ANY GOOD TO ANYBODY IF I DON'T ZOOM OVER TO *DAD'S HOUSE* IN CONNECTICUT AND CATCH A COUPLE OF *Z'S*.

LATER THAT MORNING, 25 MILES SOUTHEAST OF LAS VEGAS...

SPLOSH

SPLII

NNH... NNH... ALMOST...

MADE IT!

DUNNO HOW *LONG* IT TOOK...

...BUT I'M BACK IN *ONE PIECE*.

YA THOUGHT YA *KILLED* ME, DIDN'T YA, *HULK?**

HAH!

**IN HULK #348!*

NOTHIN' CAN KILL THE *ABSORBIN' MAN! NOTHIN'!*

HOPE YER *LAUGHIN' IT UP*, HULKIE, 'CAUSE SOON AS I *CATCH UP* WITH YA, I'M GONNA GIVE YA SUMPTIN' TO CRY ABOUT!

YOU REALLY THINK THAT'S A *GOOD IDEA*, MR. CREEL? GOING RIGHT BACK AFTER THE MAN WHO HAD JUST *BEATEN* YOU WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A *PLAN*--?

HUH--? *WHO*--?

MY NAME'S *UNIMPORTANT*, MR. CREEL. JUST THINK OF ME AS A FRIEND WITH A LITTLE *ADVICE*.

WHAT *KINDA* ADVICE, WISE GUY?

FIND A NEW *SPARRING PARTNER*. GO UP AGAINST SOMEONE YOU'VE *NEVER FOUGHT BEFORE*, SOMEONE WHO'S NEVER *BEATEN* YOU.

ONCE YOU GET A FEW "*WINS*" UNDER YOUR BELT, YOU'LL BE READY TO FACE THE LIKES OF YOUR *OLD FOES* AGAIN.

I DUNNO ABOUT--*HEY*, WHAT'RE YOU--?

ADJUSTING YOUR BALL AND CHAIN.

LOOK, SHORTY, YA BETTER TELL ME WHUT YOU JUST *DID* OR I'M GONNA--

NEXT TIME YOU NEED TO *GET SOMEWHERE*, MR. CREEL, JUST *THROW YOUR BALL*, UNDERSTAND?

NOW, PLEASE CONSIDER MY *ADVICE*, AND ABOVE ALL, HAVE A *PLAN* BEFORE YOU ATTACK SOMEONE.

MISTER, YOU GOTTA LOTTA *NERVE* TELLIN' *ME* WHAT TA DO. WHO DO YA THINK YOU *ARE* ANYWAY?

HUH?

MISTER--?

HEY! WHERE'D HE *GO*--?!?

COME BACK HERE, YA SNEAKY CREEP! EXPLAIN WHAT YA DID TA MY BALL. IT FEELS FUNNY.

WHAT'D HE SAY ABOUT THROWIN' THE THING?

YEOOOW!

I-I'M FLYIN'!!

HEY, THIS IS JUS' LIKE WHAT THOR DOES WITH HIS HAMMER. MAYBE THERE WUZ SUMPTHIN' TO THAT TWERP, AFTER ALL!

A FEW MINUTES BEFORE NOON, BACK IN NEW YORK...

N.Y. DEPARTMENT OF SANITATION

WHAT A JERK I AM, OVERSLEEPING AN EXTRA FOUR HOURS!

GOOD THING I'M SELF-EMPLOYED. THE ONLY EXCUSES I'LL HAVE TO MAKE ARE TO MY SECRETARY.

GOOD OL' KAYLA. SHE MUST GET PRETTY BORED HOLDING DOWN THE FORT WHILE I'M OFF GALLIVANTING ALL THE TIME. I REALLY OUGHT TO THINK ABOUT HIRING MORE OF A STAFF.

BUT I CAN'T VERY WELL DO THAT UNTIL VAUGHN SECURITY CONSULTANTS GETS A PAYING CONTRACT OR TWO UNDER ITS CORPORATE BELT. CAN I?

SO FAR, NONE OF THE FORTUNE 500 COMPANIES I'VE SENT MY BROCHURE TO HAVE NIBBLED.

IF I DON'T GET AT LEAST AN INQUIRY IN ANOTHER WEEK, I'LL HAVE TO DO A SECOND MAILING... WHAT'S NEXT? THE MISFORTUNE 500 COMPANIES?

BETTER REMEMBER TO TAKE THE SUITS I'VE GOT STASHED IN MY *ALLEY CLOSET* TO THE DRYCLEANERS... THIS IS MY LAST *CLEAN ONE.*

MAN, HOW DO OTHER GUYS WITH SECRET IDENTITIES MANAGE? THEY CAN'T *ALL* BE RICH.

SOON, ON THE TWELFTH FLOOR...

UH, G'MORNING, *KAYLA.*

MR. VAUGHN! THANK GOODNESS! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO *REACH* YOU ALL MORNING!

WE'VE GOT OUR FIRST JOB!!!

WE *DO?!?*

LET ME SEE THAT. *IDIC*...INTERNATIONAL DATA INTEGRATION AND CONTROL ON FIFTH AND 51 ST.

GET THEM ON THE *LINE* FOR ME, WILL YOU?

LOOKS LIKE A PAYING *CLIENT* WILL SPELL THE END TO YOUR MORNINGS AT THE *RACQUET CLUB*, HMM?

SUCH IS LIFE IN THE *BIG CITY.*

I'VE GOT MR. KURAMOTO ON THE LINE.

THANKS, KAYLA.

MR. KURAMOTO? HI. *WENDELL VAUGHN* HERE. UH-HUH. SURE. THREE O'CLOCK WOULD BE FINE. SEE YOU *THEN.*

ALL RIGHT!

LET ME CHECK IN WITH *EON*, THEN I'LL SEE IF KAYLA WANTS TO STEP OUT FOR A *BITE*.

HELLO, SON.

DAD--? WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?

WHAT'S IT *LOOK* LIKE? TALKING WITH EON.

IN LIGHT OF YOUR UNIQUE RELATIONSHIP WITH THIS *COSMIC ENTITY*, I'VE DECIDED TO TAKE UP *XENOPOLOGY*--

--THE STUDY OF *EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL CULTURES*.

YOUR MENTOR IS A *FOUNTAINHEAD* OF INFORMATION, WENDELL.

I CAN IMAGINE, DAD.

EON, IF ALL GOES WELL I'LL GET BACK TO CHECKING OUT *RESIDENT ALIENS* TONIGHT. THE *AVENGERS EMERGENCY* I TOLD YOU ABOUT SEEMS TO BE *OVER* FOR THE TIME BEING.

INCIDENTALLY, I THINK MY COMPANY JUST LANDED ITS *FIRST JOB*.

THAT'S NICE, SON.

I'M STEPPING OUT FOR A BITE TO *EAT*. CAN I BRING YOU GUYS *BACK* ANYTHING?

YOU MEAN *FOODSTUFFS*? NO THANK YOU.

I LIVE OFF THE *BACKGROUND RADIATION* OF THE BIG BANG.

OKAY. WELL, SEE YOU TWO *LATER*.

WEIRD... DAD GETTING SO *CHUMMY* WITH EON LIKE THIS. GUESS I'M A BIT *JEALOUS*.

SOMETIME LATER, IN SOUTHERN NEW JERSEY...

NAH! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE!

FREEZE!

I DON'T LIKE THE *LOOKS* OF THIS!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE OR WE'LL *SHOOT!*

GO AHEAD!

YOU'LL BE IN FOR A *SURPRISE!*

BTOW BTOW!

HIS BODY--IT TURNED TO *LEAD!*

GOOD GUESS, COPPER! JUST LIKE YER *BULLETS!*

BLOOM

WE NEED REINFORCEMENTS!

NAME'S *ABSORBING MAN*, PAL. MAYBE YOU *HEARD* A' ME. I ABSORB THE PROPE'TIES OF WHATEVER I *TOUCH.*

NOW *YOU* TALK. THIS THE FACTORY WHERE THEY MAKE THIS *ADAMANTIUM* STUFF--THE *STRONGEST METAL ON EARTH?*

Y-Y-YES!

GOOD ANSWER. NOW TELL ME WHERE CAN I GET ME A *HUNK* OF THAT CRUD AND I *WON'T* REARRANGE YER FACE!

TH-TH-THERE!

ALL'S I WANT IS A LITTLE PIECE TO CARRY AROUND IN MY *POCKET--*

--YOU KNOW, LIKE A *LUCKY CHARM.*

YAIIII

WHILE IN NEW YORK CITY...

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MR. VAUGHN. I AM SHINTARO KURAMOTO, OPERATIONS MANAGER OF THIS BRANCH OF IDIC.

INTERNATIONAL DATA INTEGRATION AND CONTROL

IDIC

TAXI

WHAT IS IT EXACTLY YOUR COMPANY DOES, MR. KURAMOTO?

MANY MANY THINGS. WE ARE PART OF A WORLDWIDE DATA PROCESSING NETWORK DEALING IN MICRO-TECHNOLOGIES.

HERE, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO THE MAN WHO KNOWS OUR SPECIFIC NEEDS.

MR. VAUGHN, THIS IS KENJIRO TANAKA, DIRECTOR OF OUR DESIGN DEPARTMENT.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MR. TANAKA.

MR. TANAKA WILL GIVE YOU THE GUIDED TOUR OF THE PREMISES. DROP BY MY OFFICE WHEN YOU ARE THROUGH, OKAY?

KEN TANAKA, YOU OLD SONUVAGUN! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE WE GRADUATED SHIELD ACADEMY!* WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I WAS SENT TO IDIC ON A FIELD ASSIGNMENT. WHEN SHIELD SUDDENLY FOLDED, I DECIDED MIGHT AS WELL STAY ON. I'VE BEEN WORKING MY WAY UP THE CORPORATE LADDER EVER SINCE.

* THE SUPER-SPY AGENCY.

WAS THERE SOMETHING SINISTER GOING ON HERE? WHY ELSE WOULD SHIELD HAVE SENT YOU?

SHIELD HAD AGENTS IN EVERY MAJOR CORPORATION, DIDN'T YOU KNOW?

ANYWAY, I SAW YOUR NAME ON YOUR ADVERTISING BROCHURE, AND RECOMMENDED YOU TO MY SUPERIOR.

REALLY APPRECIATE IT, KEN. I JUST --

A TINGLE IN MY QUANTUM-BAND! THE AVENGERS' FREQUENCY!

SOMETHING WRONG?

MIND SHOWING ME WHERE THE BATHROOM IS? I THINK SOMETHING I HAD FOR LUNCH IS DISAGREEING WITH ME.

UH, SURE. THIS WAY...

AND...

YES? QUASAR HERE. WHAT'S UP?

EMERGENCY CALL FROM ADAMETCO, THE ADAMANTIUM MANUFACTURING PLANT IN NEW JERSEY. CARL CREEL, ALIAS THE ABSORBING MAN, HAS BEEN REPORTED ON THE GROUNDS.

I'M UP TO MY EYEBALLS, TRYING TO GET THINGS SETTLED HERE. THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT?

I'LL TRY, SIR.

GOOD MAN! CAP OUT!

OH, GREAT. THIS WOULD HAVE TO HAPPEN. AS IMPORTANT AS MY BUSINESS IS TO ME, IT'D BE HARD TO LIVE WITH MYSELF IF I LET A MAJOR LEAGUE CREEP LIKE CREEL RUN AROUND HURTING PEOPLE!

SAY, KEN, I JUST REMEMBERED ANOTHER APPOINTMENT. MIND IF WE POSTPONE THE TOUR TILL TOMORROW? PLEASE TENDER MR. KURAMOTO MY APOLOGIES.

SURE, VAUGHN. IS THERE SOMETHING THE MATTER?

NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE.

COULD I HAVE ACTED MORE SUSPICIOUSLY PERHAPS? KEN PROBABLY THINKS I'M STILL A SECRET AGENT.

UNLESS HE KNOWS I'M QUASAR.

NO, HE'D GRADUATED BEFORE I RETURNED TO SHIELD AS A SUPER-AGENT IN TRAINING.

KEN'S A REAL GOOD GUY. I PROBABLY COULD'VE TRUSTED HIM WITH WHAT WAS REALLY GOING ON.

LET ME TELL YOU, THIS DOUBLE IDENTITY STUFF IS A COLOSSAL PAIN!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

HI! I'M *QUASAR*, ONE OF THE AVENGERS.

OH, YEAH? THEN WHY HAVEN'T I *HEARD* OF YOU? BETTER HAVE SOME *I.D.*, SONNY!

TAKE A LOOK. I UNDERSTAND THE *ABSORBING MAN* WAS HERE.

THAT'S RIGHT. PUT THREE OF MY BUDDIES IN THE *HOSPITAL*.

YOU'RE FIFTEEN MINUTES TOO *LATE*, KID! HE FLEW OFF *THAT AWAY!*

THANKS!

HE *FLEW*? I DON'T REMEMBER THE ABSORBING MAN BEING ABLE TO *FLY*. WHAT DID HE ABSORB--AN *AIRPLANE*?

OH, WELL, SHOULD MAKE HIM EASIER TO *SPOT*. JUST TUNE MY BRACELETS TO *RADAR*--

--AND LOOK FOR A SPEEDING *MAN-SIZED OBJECT*!

THINK I'VE GOT *SOMETHING*... ABOUT 30 MILES SOUTH OF HERE! LET'S POUR ON SOME *SPEED*!

TAA-*DAA*! IT'S HIM! QUANTUM-BANDS, YOU'RE THE *GREATEST*!

EXCUSE ME, YOU *CARL CREEL*, ALIAS "*CRUSHER*," ALSO KNOWN AS THE *ABSORBING MAN*?

HUH? WHOZA--?

THE NAME'S *QUASAR* AND--

HEY!

HE SUDDENLY DROPPED LIKE A *STONE*. HE MUST CONTROL THAT STEEL BALL OF HIS *MENTALLY*!

YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY FROM ME *THAT* EASILY, SIR!

JUNIOR, I'VE TAKEN ON *THOR*, THE *HULK*, THE WHOLE BLINKIN' *AVENGERS*--! I THINK YER BITIN' OFF MORE'N YOU CAN *CHEW* HASSLIN' WITH *ME*!

YES...YOU *HAVE* BEEN BEATEN BY A LOT OF *HEAVYWEIGHTS* BEFORE, SIR. NOW PREPARE TO GET BEATEN--

--BY A LIGHT-WEIGHT!

HEY!

THOOM

CUTE, SONNY, REAL CUTE!

GUESS YA DON'T KNOW I CAN CHANGE MYSELF TO ENERGY, TOO!

NO, I DID KNOW THAT.

CHANGE TO ANY KIND OF ENERGY YOU LIKE, SIR--

--MY CONTROL OVER ALL ENERGY WILL SIMPLY MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO BE ABLE TO BURST OUT OF MY CONTAINMENT SPHERE!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, WISE GUY!

FOOP

BLAST IT! THE PUNK DOES HAVE THE GOODS ON ME LIKE THIS!

BUT THANKS TA MY SECRET PLAN, I GOT ME SUMPTHIN' ELSE I CAN ALWAYS TURN INTO!

WHOA! BARELY ERECTED A *WALL* IN TIME!

WHOOP

NOW HIS BALL IS RETURNING TO HIS *HAND*--JUST LIKE *THOR'S HAMMER!*

WHAT'S THE *SOURCE* OF THIS GUY'S POWER ANYWAY? WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S NOT IN THE *ELECTROMAGNETIC SPECTRUM*. *MAGIC*--LIKE DR. STRANGE'S...?

LET'S SEE, IF I BOMBARD HIM *AGAIN*, HE'LL TURN TO *ENERGY*. IF I *CONTAIN* HIM, HE'LL *BREAK OUT*. WHAT'S *LEFT*?

YEAH, *THAT'S IT*, SONNY! COME CLOSER--

--AN' LET'S HAVE IT OUT--*BALL TO BRACELET!*

A *QUESTION*, MR. CREEL. LET'S ASSUME FOR A MOMENT THAT YOU MANAGE TO *PULVERIZE ME* AND YOU GET AWAY. *THEN* WHAT?

WHOOSH

THEN YOU'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO *KEEP ON FIGHTING* TILL SOMEONE LIKE THOR OR THE HULK FINDS A WAY TO *STOP* YOU. SOMEONE ALWAYS *DOES*, YOU KNOW.

DON'T GIVE ME NONE OF *THAT* CRUD. REAL MEN DON'T NEED *SHRINKS!*

WHANG

WHAT KIND OF *LIFE* HAVE YOU MADE FOR YOURSELF, MR. CREEL? ONE POINTLESS FIGHT AFTER ANOTHER. WHAT DOES IT ALL *GET* YOU? *FAME? WEALTH? HAPPINESS?* NOT SO AS YOU'D NOTICE...

YOU IN LOVE WITH THE SOUND OF YER OWN *VOICE*, PUNK?!?

GOT TO UNWRAP THAT CHAIN BEFORE HE--

NYAHH!

NOW LEMME SEE YER JEWELRY FOR A MINUTE, KID!

YEAH. THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT THEY WERE LIKE.

I--

I--

I--

YAHOOOOO!

I FEEL *GREAT*--LIKE I CAN DO MOST *ANYTHING*!!

THOSE ARE SOME *HEAVY-DUTY DOODADS* YOU GOT THERE, SQUIRT!

BUT AS POWERFUL AS YER PUNY BRACELETS ARE, 'MAGINE WHAT A *FIFTY FOOT GUY* MADE OUTTA THEM JEWELS CAN DO!

FRY, PUNK!

KRAKOOM!

OH, NO! IF CREEL DOPES OUT HOW TO *CHANNEL ENERGY* THROUGH THOSE GEMS--!

THAT BLAST DIDN'T *PULP* YA? TOO BAD.

BOMBARDED ME WITH MORE FORCE THAN I WAS PREPARED TO *REDIRECT--!*

YER JUST A *FLEA* TO ME NOW, KID. I'M NOT EVEN GONNA WASTE MY *TIME* FINISHIN' YOU OFF!

NOT WHEN I GOT SOME *REAL ENEMIES* I WANNA STOMP!

THANKS FOR THE *POWER*... SQUIRT!

COME ON! NO TIME TO BE *GROGGY!* GOT TO GO *AFTER* HIM!

MR. CREEL! WAIT! YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME!

WHAT--?

I GIVE A TWERP A *BREAK*, WHAT DOES HE DO? HE ASKS ME TO SMASH HIM *AGAIN!*

EVERY SINGLE *PERSON* WHO'S USED THE POWER OF THE *QUANTUM-BANDS* WITHOUT BEING ENTITLED TO IT HAS *EXPLODED*, MR. CREEL. *I'M NOT KIDDING!* THE MORE POWER YOU USE, THE *HARDER* IT WILL BE TO--

OOH, OOH, OOH, YER *SCARIN'* ME, KID!

NOW *BUZZ OFF* BEFORE I LOSE MY GOOD HUMOR AND DECIDE TO SWAT YA!

CREEL-- *PLEASE--!*

HE'S HEADING TO *NEW YORK*. HE MUST MEAN TO TAKE ON THE *AVENGERS--!*

I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM *BEFORE* THERE ARE *EIGHT MILLION* INNOCENT BYSTANDERS BELOW!

OKAY, CREEL, YOU *WANT* POWER--

--*I'LL* GIVE YOU POWER--*MORE POWER* THAN YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH!

HANH--? GO RIGHT *AHEAD*, PALLY!

THE DESTRUCTIVE POTENTIAL OF HIS BODY IS... *PHENOMENAL!* HE'S GOT THE ENERGY OF A *STAR* INSIDE HIM!

WERE HE TO *EXPLODE*, HE COULD *LEVEL MANHATTAN*--KILL *EVERYONE* IN THE WHOLE CITY--MAYBE THE *TRI-STATE AREA!*

IT'S *DICEY*, BUT I'VE GOT TO RISK TRYING TO OVERLOAD HIS BODY'S *ENERGY-STORAGE CAPACITY*--

--MAKE HIM *IMPLODE!*

HEY, KID--*COOL IT!* I'M EXPANDIN' SO *FAST* I--

SORRY, SIR, BUT IT'S *YOU* OR *UNTOLD MILLIONS*--!

ALBOOM

HE'S GONE!

IMPLODED LIKE THE TWO GUYS WHO WORE THESE WRIST-BANDS BEFORE ME!

I FEEL LIKE IT'S MY FAULT.

NO, IT'S HIS FAULT. I WARNED HIM, AND I DID WHAT I HAD TO FOR THE GOOD OF THE MANY.

SOON...

CAPTAIN!

QUASAR--THAT BIG FLASH OF LIGHT TO THE SOUTHWEST--?

THE ABSORBING MAN.

HE, UH, GOT HOLD OF MY POWER AND I WAS FORCED TO MAKE HIM GET RID OF IT--

--RATHER EXPLOSIVELY. I THINK I MAY HAVE KILLED HIM, SIR.

I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE OF THAT. CRUSHER CREEL'S ONE TOUGH CUSTOMER. HE'S SURVIVED A LOT WORSE.

WE CAN MAKE A FULL INVESTIGATION AS SOON AS TIME PERMITS.

END.